

Hard Hat

his belly hangs down
over his pants
like a child's pouting lip.

his cheeks are red & puffy
like a boy's.

America has been good
to him
\$10 an hour & no
high school diploma.

he doesn't really hate
THE COLORED
works with them
every day
there's good & bad
but when they move
in
you've got to face facts
about property values.

he's proud of his
yellow hat
he helped build
America
make it what it is
today.

he's a real man
a 20th century cowboy.

he's General Custer
& no matter where
he looks
he sees the dust
of Indian ponies.

I Sit Dripping Sweat

in my ragged underwear
sunlight sifting thru
the screen
shorts clinging to the
chair
words buzzing like flies
thru my head
something swatting them
before they make it out.

every day the same.
words & coffee & sunlight.
waiting for something
to come
that when right
is not mine
anyway.

something that is not me
binding me to this chair
as the rooster out my
window is bound to
crow
as the birds are bound
to sing
etc.

poems like cats.
arrogant, independent
things.

how's it going?
she calls from the
kitchen.

not bad, not bad.